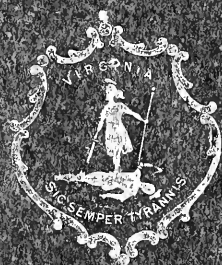


Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia.

THE GUIDON

March-April

1907



State Female Normal School

Farmville, Va.

The Guidon

March-April, 1907

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakespeare.



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning.*

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No. 3

Why, then, comes the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
—*The Winter's Tale.*

The Boyhood of David Copperfield.



DAVID COPPERFIELD is of interest to us not only because of its queer, lovable characters, its humor, and the great knowledge of the poor and the sympathy with them which it portrays but also for its value as a bit of autobiography. Many of the experiences of little David were taken from Dickens' own childhood. He seems in this book to have put into words his childish sufferings and his great ambition, to have

laid bare his young heart and mind for the whole world to read and mourn over. Dickens says, "I wonder how much of the histories I invented for such people hangs like a mist of fancy over well remembered facts. When I tread the old ground I do not wonder that I seem to see and pity going on before me an innocent, romantic boy making his imaginative world out of such strange experiences and sordid things."

Some incidents not connected with the childhood of Dickens are of interest in themselves. There is David Copperfield's early home life, the happy evenings spent in the comfortable little sitting room, David romping with his mother while Peggoty, his devoted nurse, sits by darning. She seems to have an endless supply of stockings that need mending, for never was she seen resting without her wax candle, work box, and a stocking to darn. There is the visit to Yarmouth, a little fishing village where Peggoty's brother lives. Peggoty and David, bidding an affectionate farewell to his mother, start out in the carrier's cart. Barkis is the name of the carrier, whose horse is probably the laziest in the world shuffling along with his head bent down as if he delighted in being slow, while his master sits in very much the same position, his figure drooping forward sleepily, an arm on each knee and no idea of conversation other than whistling. Even his proposal to David's nurse consisted of the one sentence, "Barkis is willin'," from which she was to understand that he wished her to marry him. Even this masterpiece of literature took him many weeks in composing.

Thus this slow company moving along come at length to their destination, and imagine David's delight and surprise to see that what the Peggotys call their

home is in reality a ship high and dry on the land as if it had been built for no other purpose. It has a funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and the quaintest little door cut in the side. No one could imagine a more fairy like arrangement, and delighted David goes in to meet its inmates, the two honest, rough, noble fishermen, Mrs Gummidge, who always declared she was a 'lone 'lorn creetur and everything went contrary with her," and little Emily, a beautiful blue eyed, curly-haired child, the pride and joy of these simple people. David instantly falls in love with her. His whole stay is made up of wandering with Emily on the beach, picking up shells and exchanging childish confidences. At night David sits on the little locker in the chimney corner with Emily beside him, while the older people look on with pride and delight—a pair of young lovers, numbering not ten years between them, yet much in earnest, with the simple sincerity of childhood that takes all the beautiful things in the world for granted and rejoices in the delight of the present moment.

Thus passes his last happy childhood days. He returns to a changed home, for during this visit his mother had been married again to a man naturally tyrannical and overbearing. He looks upon David as an incumbrance, asserts that a school is the only place for him, and David's mother being easy and pliable is soon persuaded that such is the best or if not convinced is too afraid of her husband to disagree. So David is sent off where he and his schoolmates are tyrannized over by Mr. Creakle, probably the meanest schoolmaster that existed at those times, and most of them were cruel beyond our conception. This is one experience that really belongs to Dickens' childhood. He could scarcely have created these scenes, the ignor-

ance in which the boys grew up, the fascinated watching of their inhuman master waiting to see which one would be beaten next and like dumb animals thankful to be overlooked. Everyone averaged one whipping a day at least.

His mother's death called David home from this school. He falls into a state of neglect and is soon thrown into the street to support himself, so entering upon the most unhappy part of his childhood. His stepfather, unwilling to relinquish his hold upon anyone to whom he could cause pain, under the pretence of taking care of him and starting him out in life in a good business, placed him in a warehouse, where he is put to washing bottles and sticking labels on them. His two companions in this work are of the lowest and most uneducated order. As David says in later life—, "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship. I compared these henceforth every day, associates with those of my happier childhood and felt my hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguish man crushed in my bosom. The deep sense I had of being utterly without hope now; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned and thought and delighted in and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, would pass away from me little by little never to be brought back any more. As often as my companions went away in the course of the day I mingled my tears with the water in which I was washing the bottles, and sobbed as if there was a flaw in my breast and it were in danger of bursting."

Here we see a part of Dickens' childhood, for just as little David was thrown into the world among uncongenial companions and work, just so was Dickens

forced into this low life, but as a genius he felt above these people and held himself, aloof even as a child, realizing he had been born for greater and higher things. In the evenings after work he would walk the streets of London thinking of his great troubles, with a heart heavier than any child should have. Little did he think then that this miserable existence was his great school, for he learned as the child suffering, and as the child observing, in his quick unconscious ways noted all the scenes through which he passed and remembering them forever. We all know that the things that we have seen in our childhood are that are impressed upon us and that we cannot forget. Thrown among the very poor, one of them himself, here is revealed the secret of Dickens' great knowledge of them, of their struggles, poverty, suffering and vice. We sit with the Micawbers and share their happiness when by a chance they have a good meal; their tremors are ours when this repast is interrupted in the midst by a voice calling down the passage, "That bill must be paid you know; its been running so long I begin to believe its run away altogether and never won't be heard of any more." This instantly throws the circle into the depths of despair bringing before them all their unsettled debts. Then what could be more pitifully poor than Dickens own manner of subsistence. He divides his weekly earnings of six or seven shillings into seven equal parts, so much for each day. Probably one morning, tired of his regular diet, he craves a certain piece of candy he saw in a shop window yesterday. He goes to his savings bank, counts again his few shillings to see if he cannot in some way manage to get it, then as he sees how few pieces he has to procure the necessary food with pushes the treat

from him and buys only a loaf of bread and some coffee for the next day's refreshment.

It was at this period of David's life that he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Micawber, a real optimist, a type of man true to life and best known of Dickens' characters; very interesting for himself but peculiarly interesting as a portrait of Dickens' father. David being called from his work into the office one day beholds a "stoutish middle aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face which he was in the habit of turning full upon a person. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing glass hung outside his coat, for ornament, for he seldom looked through it and could n't see anything when he did." With this man, Mr. Micawber, and his family, David is to board and at no time of their acquaintance is Mr. Micawber out of debt or earning any money. He is always in a state of waiting for something to turn up—which never happened, for nothing ever turned up except constables to escort him to the Debtors' Prison, to mourn over his unpaid debts. As soon however as he is released he comes out humming a tune with more of an air of gentility than before. No blow is too heavy for his elastic nature to bound back from. He is a character we laugh at, get a good deal of amusement out of, but one we cannot help but love, forgive all his weaknesses, and believe in again, hoping with him that something will turn up soon.

After serious vicissitudes David starts out under happier conditions. He is rescued by an aunt who adopts him and sends him to school. Later on in life

he takes up the study of shorthand and becomes known as a reporter. His evenings being unoccupied he devotes the time to writing and also becomes known as an author. Here again David's life resembles Dickens', for Dickens too, realizing there was no advancement in the warehouse business, resolved to raise himself and as the best means took up the study of shorthand. Like David he spent his evenings in writing, and soon found himself famous. He began to do reporter's work, to find odd jobs for his pen about the newspaper office, and then reaped the glorious reward of seeing his first story in print. We remember young Benjamin Franklin's pleasure at hearing his anonymous contribution to his brother's paper praised as the work of a well known writer—Dickens tells us himself how he felt when he found that he had emerged from his long apprenticeship and was recognized in print—"When I had bought a paper and seen there in all the glory of print my first writing I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

"The boyhood of Dickens, like the boyhood of his hero, was over. From that day the hand that held the little newspaper guided a magic pen that evoked at will the tears or laughter of the world."

HAPPY WILDER.

The Origin of Woman.

(AS TOLD BY THE HINDOO.)

When Twashtri, the creator,
Had fashioned all things known
Upon the earth, but Woman,—
“There’s nothing left,” he owned.

“I’ve used the last material
With which she could be made.
I’ll have to do without her
Or—stay a bit,” he said.

He pondered for a moment,
Then roused himself in glee.
“I have an inspiration,
I’ll make her now,” said he.

The velvet of the flower,
The trembling of the grass,
The climbing plant’s entwining,
The cold of winter’s blast;

The serpent’s undulations,
The glances of the fawn,
The hardness of the diamond,
The brightness of the morn;

The soft tears of the mist cloud,
The wind’s inconstancy,
The fierceness of the tiger,
The hare’s timidity;

The vanity of the peacock,
The turtle dove's low coo,
The chatter of the jay bird,
The swallow's soft down, too;

The frailty of rose vines,
The roundness of the moon,
The honey's sweetest flavor,
Were mixed together soon.

When Twashtri had completed
The woman, strange yet fair,
To man he gave her, saying,
"She'll help your load to bear."

Eight days passed by in quiet,
Then Twashtri heard the man,
"My lord, take back your gift, please;
The woman I can't stand."

But after eight days longer
The man so lonely grew,
He begged the god to give him
The woman as his due.

Yet other eight days vanish,
The man once more despairs,
"I cannot, will not, keep her,"
He solemnly declares.

But Twashtri now refuses
To take the woman back.
In spite of man's assertion,
He'll leave him on the rack.

"I cannot live with woman,"
The man says to the god.
"You cannot live without her,"
He answers, with a nod.

ELLEN RIVES.

Scott's Slide.

THE sunshine of an April day looked down upon a large party of people gathered on Goodloe's field. The white dresses of the girls blended with the more sombre hues of the boys' clothing, and the flutter of orange and violet ribbons vied with that of red and gray. Excitement ran high, for the Academy baseball team was to strive with that of the High School for the championship of the town.

A gentleman, evidently a stranger, turned to a girl who proudly waved the red and gray ribbons. "You are for the Academy, are n't you?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "I'm a 'Cademy girl."

"What do you call your team?"

"The 'Great Scott' team," was the reply as she waved her ribbons to a group of boys who had just made their appearance.

The academy boys were carrying out their colors with a vim. Their suits were gray while their sweaters and caps were red.

"Why do you call it the 'Great Scott' team?" asked the gentleman with an amused expression on his face.

"Why five out of the nine are named Scott," she replied soberly.

"Show them to me please," he asked,

"Well," commenced the girl, "see that boy looking this way, the brown eyed one with auburn

hair? That's Garret Scott,—'Gov' we all call him,—the captain of the team. Is n't he handsome! See, he is looking this way—Good luck to you 'Gov.'

"'T would be good luck if all the boys were half as enthusiastic as you are, Curlikins," replied the boy gallantly.

"What place does he hold?" asked the gentleman.

"He pitches. That one with the cap pulled over his eyes is Jack Scott, he plays first base. Poor Jack, he's a fine athlete, but his eyes are so bad he can hardly see across the diamond. His brother George plays second base. He's that skinny fellow. George is a nice boy, but not much of a player. That little light haired one is John (Gov's brother), he's third baseman, and that's their brother Wyck, the crack short-stop. Did you ever see such a red head in your life! I declare you can hardly tell his cap from his hair. Those others are Rat Briscoe, the two Stratton boys and Tom Somerville," she rattled on.

The Academy boys had first inning. It was a close game and by the time the ninth inning was reached the teams tied.

Wyck Scott was at the bat; Martin of the High School was pitching. He tried to make a feint but in vain. Finally he pitched in his most difficult style. But Wyck was ready for him and struck the ball with such force that it was sent far to the left. By the time the left fielder had it Wyck had gained first. On he sped. The first baseman tried to pitch the ball to third but Wyck was too quick for him. Now only a few feet remained. Would he make it? Those for the Academy turned pale; if he failed the game was lost. The third baseman pitched the ball but as he did so Wyck, mud caked but triumphant, slapped his hand on

the home plate. It was all done so quickly that few realized until it was over what had happened.

"By George," exclaimed the gentleman, "that's the best slide I ever saw." He looked at the girl. Her face was radiant as she took up the yell that was now rising from a hundred throats:

"Cigarette—rette—rette
Cigar, cheeroot.
Scott's Slide. Scott's Slide.
Wasn't it a beaut?"

And as the boys lifted the mud-caked figure of the hero to their shoulders amid the yells of

"Who are we, who are we?
We are the boys of the 'Cademy,"

she looked shyly up at the gentleman and said proudly,
"He's my cousin."

S. CAMPBELL BERKELEY.

Oral Versus Written Expression in Lower Grades.

WHEN I look back upon my own school life, and when I think of the results obtained from my former pupils, there is not the shadow of a doubt in my mind as to whether oral or written language should have the predominant place in the lower grades. That there is something lacking in my early training in language, is very evident from the dread with which I undertake papers. I can't remember the time when "composition" wasn't a synonym of all that was disagreeable and hard to do. I never had a pupil who didn't think the same way. In fact, there is general complaint all over the land about the deficiency in English of those entering the high schools and academies. Where does the trouble lie? Certainly, we must look for it in the lower grades.

There was a time when I became very much discouraged at the results obtained from the written work of my pupils. I had an idea that they must write a great deal, that I surely hadn't given enough written work, never thinking about the important place oral work should have, in fact, ignoring it almost entirely beyond insisting on the use of good language. By way of explanation, let me say that part of this was due to the fact that written work could be done as seat work and didn't require such careful watching as oral work did. Teachers of large ungraded country schools have to devise many ways to economize time, and keep

children out of mischief; and too often the children are permanently injured as a direct result of this.

But to go back to my subject, let us notice some of the reasons why much oral work should precede any large amount of written work.

Spoken language is the natural means of expression; we learn to talk before we learn to write. If Father Time could only make us children again, with our maturer sense of reasoning, we could see with what difficulty we learned every new word, and how limited was our vocabulary at the age of seven. At this age, children cannot read much, if any, and the only way to get new thoughts is by seeing things, and talking about them; seeing things suggests thoughts, and talking about them teaches how to express those thoughts. How much drill is necessary to form and establish correct habits! But being once formed half the battle is over. While in the lower grades these habits are being formed, therefore, much time is needed until they are, in a measure, established.

Another important thing to be considered is the mechanics of written work. Children have not yet learned to write without thinking of how this or that letter is formed, how certain words are spelled, where to use capitals, and so on. How can they think of what they are writing! We have often noticed that the penmanship in a copy book is much better than it is in a dictation lesson. In the latter, there are so many things to think about other than letter-form and spacing; and yet I fear we insist upon the same degree of excellency everywhere.

In the first three grades, very little original work should be given. We should begin with copy work, and increase the dictation exercises as advancement is made. From a short sentence in the latter part of the

first year, to one or two short paragraphs in the third year, is all that can reasonably be expected.

In writing of this, I do not wish to go to extremes. Certainly, we cannot dispense with written work in the lower grades. Here the child is expected to overcome the difficulties of the mechanics of written work in order to give free spontaneous expression to his thoughts later on. If he is constantly kept writing from the beginning, he has no time for thought-getting to say nothing of oral expression.

What care we for anything, however beautifully written, spelled, and punctuated, if it contains no thought of any value, if everything is expressed in an unnatural, stilted, cramped style, without orderly arrangement of ideas? On the other hand, if we acquire the habit of speaking in a free, natural, and easy manner, using good language, and expressing our thoughts in a logical way, how easy it will be to write those same thoughts! But here's the rub! In the lower grades, are we careful enough about the way in which children give answers to questions asked, or the order in which they reproduce stories or even the language that they use? Written language should mean to them simply their every day speech transferred to paper. But as I have said before, it takes much time and drill to make that every day speech what it should be.

Lastly, think of how much more we use oral language than we do written language. Few of us, comparatively, will be great writers wielding a mighty influence with our pen; but all of us desire to be good conversationalists, to have a fine flow of language at our command. In this progressive and enlightened age, we constantly find ourselves asking this question about anything to be considered, "Is it practical?"

Most assuredly oral language training is. Our success in life is largely dependent upon our ability to persuade and convince.

Then let us look well to the oral work in the lower grades, and the great chasm between oral and written language will no longer be a chasm, but the transition will be easy and natural. One will grow out of the other. The pupil who enters the high school need no longer fear the usual verdict, "Deficient in English;" he can enter feeling prepared for the duties that await him, claiming at last the right to hear what is not often said, "Proficient in English."

SUSIE WRIGHT.

A War Song.

Yankee Doodle went through Vergil
On a little pony,
And when the test time came around
A nightmare then had grown he.

“N. P.” on that test was given
To Yankee Doodle Dandy,
“Daily grades will pass you though,”
For you translate so handy.

M.

"The Way of the Transgressor is Hard."

WE ALWAYS played together, the little boy who lived next door, my sister, and I. One morning we were playing under a large horse-chestnut tree in our front yard. Suddenly the little boy seemed to have an inspiration. Turning toward me with a beaming countenance, he said, "Kid, I betcher I kin do something you can't do."

"I betcher you can't," I retorted.

"I betcher you can't climb up in the tiptop of that tree and stand on that little bitsie limb and count fifty by fives."

"You can't neither."

"I kin."

"Lemme see you."

"Will you, if I go first?"

"Yes," I answered, not thinking for an instant that he could do it.

Up jumped the little boy and started up the tree. Sister and I watched with breathless interest as he scrambled higher and higher. At last he reached the top, and standing triumphantly on the limb he had designated, counted fifty by fives.

"Now it's *your* time," he said, when at last he reached the ground.

"Don't do it, Kid," said sister.

"But, sister, I *must*; I promised, you know."

"Didn't mother tell you, when you jumped off the stable last Sunday and tore your new white dress, that she'd spank you if she caught you climbing again?"

‘ Yes, but she needn’t never know ’bout it this time, lessen you tell, and she wouldenter said that, anyway, if you hadn’t sewed it up with black thread.’’

The more we argued, the more fully I began to realize that I ought not to do this, so turning to the little boy I said,

“ If you won’t make me do it this time, I’ll help you rake the leaves off your front yard *two* Saturdays.”

“ Fraid-cat,” muttered the little boy, and started off with a disgusted air.”

“ *Come back,*” I fairly screamed, “ *I’ll do it.*”

Without saying a word, he came back, and stood still and straight, with his little head up and his hands behind him, just as mother used to do when she was waiting for me to do something which I had repeatedly refused to do.

Laboriously I climbed until at last I reached the top. Closing my eyes to keep from getting dizzy, and clutching the limb in front of me, I began, in a sing-song tone,

“ Five, ten, er fifteen, twenty,” —

“ Kid,” cried sister, “ yonder comes *daddy.*”

Startled by sister’s cry, I suddenly sat down, and the limb, which was a slender one bent down and hung there, positively refusing to go up again.

There I sat on the limb, suspended in midair, unable to reach the body of the tree, afraid to jump, and daddy coming nearer and nearer.

At last he saw me, and, after the first glance of surprised inquiry, lay down on the ground and uttered peal after peal of merry laughter.

I thought then that I should not be punished, so I sang out merrily, “ Dad, take me down.” But daddy deliberately arose and walked into the house,

The dinner bell rang, and sister and the little boy also left me, still I sat miserably in the tree.

"*Somebody, somebody,*" I cried, "come take me out of the tree. *Nobody won't come.*"

After what seemed ages to me, but was, in reality, only a very few minutes, daddy came back and took me down. The rest can better be imagined than described.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD.

The Opium Eater.

THE boy DeQuincey after he ran away from school visited different places in his wanderings and finally landed in London, almost exhausted by hunger. His sufferings here he pictures so vividly that we feel them to be actual experiences. Writing of them he says, "I now suffered for upwards of sixteen weeks the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity but as bitter perhaps as ever any human being can have suffered who survived it." For a while he slept around anywhere he could, most of the time in open air, but when cold weather came a gentleman allowed him to sleep in a large, unoccupied house. On taking possession of this house he found it contained one inmate, a poor friendless child about ten years of age. Although he was ill with his own sufferings, he comforted and protected the poor child as long as he was there and in after years tried in vain to find her.

At this time in DeQuincey's life there began a beautiful and touching friendship between him and Ann, a girl about seventeen, who was a miserable wanderer like himself. His devotion to her is wonderful and shows what a gentle, sweet nature he had. He loved her with the pure, holy love of a brother and she returned his affection. Once when he was overcome by his sufferings and according to his own testimony almost dead, this poor girl ran into the street and returned with a glass of wine and spices, which saved his life. She paid for this out of her own humble purse, when she had scarcely the wherewithal

to purchase the bare necessities of life and when she had no reason to expect him to ever be able to reimburse her.

When DeQuincey, having become reconciled with his family, left Ann to make arrangements to go to Eton, he promised to meet her again within a week and that he would never forsake her, but she should share in any good fortune that came to him. Their separation, however, was for life, for although he came back as he had promised and searched, and tried by every possible means to find her, he never saw her again except in his opium visions. He says—"This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction;" and writes again, "On my different visits to London I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces in the hope of meeting her." This fact in itself shows what eagerness he felt to find her, for it was a severe task for a man of his shy, reserved nature to go along the street peering into the face of every woman he met.

Let us now see how and why he came to be an opium eater. He was accustomed to wash his head in cold water once a day. Being suddenly seized with the toothache one day, he decided it was caused by a failure to wash his head, so jumping out of bed he plunged his head into a basin of cold water, and with wet hair went to sleep. The next morning he awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which he had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day as he was going, half crazed with pain, through the street he met a friend who recommended opium. "Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain." He says, "I had heard of it as I had heard of manna or of ambrosia, but no further. How unmeaning a sound was it

at that time, what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances." Of the druggist who sold him the opium he whimsically writes, "I believe him to have evanesced or evaporated so unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place and creature that first brought me acquaintance with the celestial drug."

De Quincey's power as a writer is strongly brought out in such passages as "Here was a panacea for all human woes, here was the secret of happiness at once discovered. Happiness might now be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat pocket, might be corked up in a pint bottle and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach." We almost wish for some of the awful stuff ourselves that we too may taste of its pleasures.

From that time the opium habit grew on him. He suffered much from the starvation of his boyhood, but he now knew what would relieve him. The first effects of opium on him intellectually were to strengthen and excite his marvelous imagination. He was naturally a dreamer and visionary, with a sensitive introspective mind, and his natural bent was intensified by the drug. He was more lively and entertaining after taking opium, and instead of seeking seclusion, he sought society. In short he was more capable intellectually of doing any task after a dose of opium. Thus at first it seems as if opium helped and only helped him, but now let us pass over a number of years and see how we find him.

He is not degraded, for his nature is much too noble to become degraded in the common sense. But now, although he is still a hard student all, his efforts and power to execute are gone. He knows he ought

to do certain duties and in a way wants to do them, but has not the power. He is more than ever a dreamer and sometimes sits from sunset to sunrise in the same place, perfectly content if there is a quart or so of the ruby-colored liquid by him. The pains of opium have begun also. He has awful visions day and night of all kinds of ghostly unheard of things. Sometimes he is fleeing from the wrath of Brahma once he is buried for a thousand years in a stone coffin with mummies. Then again he is fixed up on high and worshiped, and at another time he is buried in the mud with numerous slimy things and kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles. In short his mind never has any rest, for whatever he sees in his visions while awake, fills his hours of sleep with increasing dreams. He has also lost all idea of space and time. He says, "I live a century in one night."

At last De Quincey realized that he would die, if he continued to take opium, and he resolved to throw off the habit if he died in throwing it off. So he began to decrease the amount of opium day by day until finally he triumphed, but it was only after a mighty struggle and severe sufferings.

Our interests in all of this is not an interest in opium eating itself, but on the wonderful influence it had on DeQuincey and in the way he has presented his sensations, his sufferings and his joys. He makes us sympathize with and understand what we in ourselves could never have felt.

MARY LOUISE TUCKER.

The "Little Bride."

A slender elm stands by our gate,
And if, on a spring night, you will wait
And watch while moonbeams glimmer through,
While spring sounds softly sing to you,
You may dream this dream:

I.

A gentle breeze;
Two rows of trees
Bathed in soft May moonlight—
No sound of bells
The secret tells,
But 'tis the Elm tree's wedding night.

II.

The little Elm bride
Wears a gown, with pride,
In which moonbeam and shadow unite.
The moonlight weaves
Of the delicate leaves
A veil of shimmering white.

III.

The cathedral dome
Is the stars' blue home;
They fill it by thousands tonight.
The moss' soft green
(Carpet fit for a queen)
Is flecked by the twinkling light.

IV.

Broad ribbons of white,
Made of pure moonlight,
Are stretched for a little while.
A tall stately band
Of wedding guests stand
On both sides of the aisle.

V.

On the soft spring air,
To the happy pair,
Bride's roses their perfume bring.
On a twig next the sky
There shines a fire-fly?
Why, perchance 'tis a wedding ring!

VI.

Wee little creatures
(With handsome features),
Locusts and crickets, a thousand and nine,
Give with a will,
In tones a bit shrill,
The wedding march.

VII.

Parson Oak is uniting—
The spring world's inviting—
Acorns and leaflets are thrown.
The fee is a note
From a mocking-bird's throat.
(The groom is—"very well known!")

BESSIE SAMPSON.

A Mistake.

I HAVE not the power of remembering each separate event of my childhood like Robert Louis Stevenson, but there is one event which stands out vividly from all other childish happenings.

When I was about seven years old I had a great mania for climbing trees. But I had also that habit, which often gets one into trouble, of misunderstanding what was said to me.

One autumn afternoon my sister and I went out to get some nice red apples for ourselves. We came to a tree which grew near a barbed-wire fence, and which had its limbs stretched out over the barbed fence. She was afraid to climb, but I climbed up got the desired apples, and was coming down. But alas for me ! I slipped and fell, becoming entirely unconscious.

When I regained consciousness two hours later, I found myself on the bed, with Dr. Terrell bending over me. He seemed to be very busy with my foot; so I raised on my elbows to see what had happened to me. After I saw that he was dressing a cut, and had become satisfied that I had taken in every detail, I lay back on my pillow, saying, "I don't wonder that it hurts, since you are sewing it with an old crooked needle."

After the doctor's third visit, he made me a promise and I was sure it was this: "I will give you two 'niggers' and a dime if you will keep your lame foot on that pillow all the time." Knowing a little about

slaves, you may imagine how delighted and important I felt at the prospect of having two niggers who would belong wholly to me, and whom I could command at my will.

I often said to my little brother, "Edwin, if you will bring me a drink of water, I shall make one of my niggers wait on you." This persuasion never failed to prove effective on Edwin, and I always got just what I asked for.

After a month or so the doctor said I was about well; so I thought it was time for me to remind him of his promise. I asked him if he remembered it, whereupon he put his hand into his pocket, drew forth two nickels and a dime and handed them to me. It was then, to my great sorrow, that I knew I had made a mistake in interpreting his promise.

MARGARET CLAY.

Editorials.

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow

Dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty.

"The Human Soul and
The Humane Soil."

Dr. Kent, of the University of Virginia, delivered an interesting address to the January graduates.

He made direct appeal to every hearer's heart concerning this old Commonwealth. In a forcible way he pointed out the indifference of the people of Virginia in allowing her vast agricultural resources to go to waste. Widespread scientific farming is absolutely lacking. Why? Because the true spirit of Nature-sympathy has not penetrated into the soul of the farmers. That the soil is humane; that it yields only in proportion to the wisdom of the cultivator; that when ill-treated it wears out just as a delicate fabric would.

If "A primrose by the river brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

then the farmer, who through the soil lives close to Nature, has lost the greatest lesson she would teach. If then, Nature makes no appeal to him, how is he to be reached? How can he be made to realize this soul lying dormant in the soil? How are the worn out lands of Virginia to be reclaimed? How is the barren farm to be made to yield again?

As teachers going out to teach the youth of the

State, he said that the duty is ours. That we should cheerfully take upon ourselves this great work and carry it forward. The youth of today will soon be the man of tomorrow, bearing the responsibilities that attend life. Let the good seed be sown in the school-room. Brighten the schoolroom with flowers. The soul of the soil can be studied in these as well as in the potato. If we could only understand the flower, what it is "root and all, and all in all," then indeed would we "know what God and man is."

Flowers and children! How well they fit themselves into our minds together! Both in their own way and how much alike this is way when we think of it, striving to throw off the darkness and narrowness that surrounds them and "climb to a soul"—the little plant in flower, the child in the man with a love for his fellow man and the handiwork of his Creator.

Let the spirit of love and sympathy sink deeply into the child's heart. Let him be taught that Nature is life, not dead facts but life! Kindle his patriotism and awaken his interest in leading him to investigate and work out this great problem which confronts us. If we sow the seeds a great deal is accomplished. The boy today takes heed and listens, the man to morrow thinks and works.

The Class Colors This is the time when the rainbow
 seems to have too few colors, and
and Motto. when we wonder why wise men
 haven't said more wise things.

More Enthusiasm in "Let us lay up a stock of enthu-
Our Work; More Work siasms in our youth, lest we
 reach the end of our journey with
in Our Enthusiasm. an empty heart, for we lose many
 of them by the way," wrote the president of Leland

Stanford a few weeks ago. His advice is well worth our consideration, for most of us have not learned how much enthusiasm helps when "the day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties."

Somehow we schoolgirls get into ruts, and our lives become humdrum. What we need is more enthusiasm. And what is that? Is it to be ever bubbling over with excitement and ardor in all that we do. That would not be natural, nor could one stand such a strain. But enthusiasm is not that. It is to have a quiet joy in one's work, to look ever for some hidden thing and to be glad when it is found. It is to find pleasure in the common things of life; it is never to grow too old, nor too worldly-wise to visit the Land of Dreams. We may now and then break out exultantly but it is the inward joy that gives our lives color and warmth.

Often we say that there is little to make us enthusiastic in our round of duties here. We go to the same classes at the same appointed hours, we meet the same people, we live in the same room day after day. But we are mistaken if we think we can find no happiness in these things. The day that broke this morning is a new day. We have never lived it before. It is full of work and play if we will only find them. All of us remember the childish pleasure we had in finding the hidden thimble. Here is another great, beautiful game for us to play; let us enjoy it.

The old room that is so plain is easily widened into a very Palace of Dreams wherein we may think and think of all the wonderful, beautiful things that never will, nor never can, come true. It is but a step to Wonderland, and a brief visit there will light up the common day and give it a freshness we had not thought to possess.

Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote in one of his letters, "Life is far better fun than people dream," and we shall find it true. Life is not humdrum unless we feel it so.

President Jordan makes a further appeal "to do things because we love, and to love things because we do them." When we put more enthusiasm into our work this happy state of affairs will come about. And along with this will come a desire to do one's best always. How often we are content with our second or third best! "Tomorrow I shall do my best," we say. "When this test is over I shall begin to do good work." But in the meantime we are living Today. "We forget that every good that is worth possessing must be paid for in strokes of daily effort." We are inclined to "postpone and postpone until these smiling possibilities are dead."

Today's happiness is our happiness, and there is but small possibility that tomorrow holds anything greater. And today's joy lies in our work largely. Dekker had learned this when he sang right gaily:

"O sweet content! O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!"

When we have learned to find zest and pleasure in all our homely duties, we shall perform them to the best of our ability because we shall find a greater joy in the better work; and because there shall come to us in some quiet way a desire to do our best because it is right to do it.

Perhaps no man ever reached the end of his journey with a more gladsome heart than Robert Louis Stevenson. He had a stock of enthusiasms laid up, and they served him well, for in his last years, looking

back upon all his 'hardships, he could write, "I was never bored in my life." He never lost sight of "the wonder and bloom of the world," and as he said himself, "Glad did I live." Exiled from home and friends, fighting pain and disease, his chosen work rather hampered by a frail body, Stevenson lived a glad, light-hearted, helpful life. What one man has done, another can do also, and we, too, may strive for the life enthusiastic.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
The merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

"College Nerves." We are all acquainted with the girl who has gone to college, and has come back broken in health, irritable, down-hearted, a bundle of nerves. We find her everywhere, for many of our girls have not learned the nursery rhyme that says,

"Work while you work,
And play while you play;
That is the way
To be happy and gay."

But we do not wish to dwell upon this type of girl just here. We would speak of another kind of nerves that girls sometimes bring back with them from college.

The *Youth's Companion* of February 21 has a word to say on the subject through one of its short stories. A plain-spoken, sensible aunt is expressing her opinion to her niece. "You have college nerves," she says, "the kind that give you the cold shivers if anybody says Murillo instead of Mureelyo, or cherishes a fondness for a poet who didn't write literature, or

alludes to a scientific theory which was disproved by discoveries day before yesterday."

Perhaps there are those who would be more plain-spoken than this, those who might even speak of this particular kind of nerves in the singular number and call it college nerve. At any rate, a great many girls come back from school with this nervous trouble. Perhaps if the people they meet every day did not have themselves under better control, the girls might make them shiver sometimes.

It is the point of view that counts. An Adirondacks guide once said in speaking of Lowell that he was a pleasant, agreeable man, but so stupid and ignorant. Father Taylor, a missionary among the sailors in Boston, used to remark pitying that Mr. Emerson would be such a great person if he were only educated !

Reformed Spelling
in 1582.

"I mean therefore so to deal in it as I may wipe away that opinion of either uncertainty for confusion, or impossibility for direction that both the natural English may have wherein to rest, and the desirous stranger may have whereby to learn."

—*Richard Mulcaster.*

John D. Rockefeller and
American Education.

The thirty-two million dollars that will soon be placed at the disposal of the General Education Board by John D. Rockefeller, will aid the progress of American education as nothing else has ever done in the annals of the country.

Congress gives to this General Education Board its corporate rights. By its character it is permitted to do "any valuable educational work" within the borders of this country. The men who make up the Board and have charge of the money, have thoroughly

studied the subject of education and its urgent needs. They have their own traveling agent, who is familiar with the conditions in educational institutions of this country, and through observation and study they are enabled to see ahead into the future of these establishments. Each member of this Board is well known throughout the country as a great educational leader, and we feel that American education could hardly be in more capable hands.

Hitherto, Mr. Rockefeller's gifts have been confined largely to certain institutions or parts of the country. Now he places unconditionally at the disposal of the Board a third of this sum of money. He reserves the rest to himself and his son, to be disposed of as they shall decide.

For many years the Board has cherished the hope of founding an educational policy that would not be restricted in any way but would serve for the whole nation. Now this opportunity has arrived with Mr. Rockefeller's gift. Thus we see the real greatness of the gift lies not so much in its size as in its purpose.

It is stated that with this financial power in its control the Board will become the leading factor in the growth of education in America and may determine its very character. For we can plainly see that help received from the Board may largely determine whether or not an institution shall grow or decay.

Through its vast power and influence, education in the next few years will receive an impulse which will carry it forward as nothing else can do.

"I'd rather be a poor man in a library than a king who did not love reading."—*Macaulay*.

**The Wide, Wide
World.**

Lately we have had a new feature introduced into our Monday morning chapel exercises. The teacher of geography gives us a ten-minute talk on some current topic. What he says is interesting, and valuable information is presented in a brief, but clear manner.

Every girl should have some idea of what is going on in the world, and especially should those who expect to be teachers keep up with the times, and begin to lay up a stock of general information. Most of us are more ignorant than we need to be. We read the stories in the magazines, but merely glance at the things of abiding interest, though always with the intention of reading them "some day when we have time."

The talks help us to start the week with a wider range of vision. They bring us face to face with the fact that there are other people in the world beside ourselves, people who have problems even greater than ours.

"Every man stamps his own value upon the coin of his character in his own mint, and he cannot expect to pass for more, and should not be disappointed if people do not care to take it for more than its face value."

What Our Neighbor Means to Us.

Here we are, a great crowd of girls in a great school! Each day we rub elbows with hundreds of girls. How many of us have stopped to ask ourselves just what our neighbor means to us and what we are to our neighbor. What part of our neighbor's life do we share and just how far does she allow us to enter hers?

Here is one girl who after a few moments conversation we put down as uninteresting. She appears

dull and indifferent to the things around her. If we could but guard against accepting first impressions as final judgments! They make us so narrow and uncharitable. Suppose we could look into this girl's life and see just the things that have deadened her hopes and blunted her ambitions. What has her home training been? How much sympathy and love has she known? Has she had all the advantages that have been yours? Be fair and approach her in the right way. Find out the good and interesting things about her. In the least of us there are some good things, for are we not made in the image of the same Creator?

If you have looked out upon this old world and enjoyed its fulness, if you have felt its joys and sorrows, imbibed its wisdom and thought its thoughts, then open up these vistas of beauty to their narrow, starved lives.

Just carry sunshine in your soul. Its power the human tongue can not speak. The singing heart and smiling face light up the gloom of the troubled soul and bid the lurking shadows of care depart. No girl can wear an armor proof against the smile of love. We will be helpful and loving toward our neighbor. We will give her a lift over the rough places of school life. We will help her enjoy the sunshine of the present and live the life that is full of the joy of giving and loving.

“It is just a question of finding the divinity in people.”

Our Reading Table.

ARE OUR COLLEGES DOING THEIR JOB?

UNDER this rather startling title we find in the February number of the *World's Work* an article written by a university professor, in which he deplores the fact that the college professor of today is not abreast of his time. He describes himself, returning to college work after a trip across the continent in which he came in contact with men of affairs and felt the strength and power of national life, as having "dropped out of the current into a smooth and sleepy eddy ... where navigation consisted in drifting and in polishing the brasses and teaching the cabin-boy the knots and splices."

"Opportunity never in the history of the world loomed quite so large as here and now in America and the keen, energetic souls that see and do, most of them have been tempted into bigger and better fields than those over which the sound of the college bell floats. The gentler spirits have settled on Faculty street. And while America has been getting more and more energetic, they have grown steadily more gentle."

Keen-witted, idealistic young America wants the bright, laughing classics and all the fresh, fine books, but gets instead syntax, scanning and parsing, for the gentler ones cannot feel and see beyond these. One man remarked after he had finished school, "How did I manage to get through Homer under old Histeni Stayso and never find at all what it was about? I suppose it was because he badgered me about con-

ditional sentences. I've discovered the Odyssey over for myself and am reading a page or two every night, and it's fine."

What is the college's function? What should the American college stand for primarily—investigation or teaching? Investigation of course must go on and America must do its share, but colleges as such do not exist to investigate, but to teach what has already been investigated.

If there is one thing that the man of power needs to understand today, it is the ways in which science is transforming human life and thought, but they are learning this at college? No, they know a little science fairly well, and perhaps one little corner very well, instead of having a broader view of all science. The student "asks for a field glass" and is "fitted out with—myopia."

How can the colleges and college professors explain such things and justify themselves? They can say—"We are getting them ready to be teachers." Yes, they are preparing other gentle, perhaps gentler, ones to take their places. To this reply America retorts—"Were you put there and entrusted with books and buildings and laboratories and great endowments that you might teach the youth of the land how to teach still others such things as these? Are false and partial things the better because they are handed on thus from generation to generation? We could forgive you if your folly ended with yourselves, but to perpetuate it so?

Why is it the colleges do not get better men? Is it because the American professor as a rule is underpaid? The answer seems beyond dispute to be that relatively he receives less for his labor than he would receive in any other profession except the ministry.

“Think,” says a writer, “of asking a man with red blood to work—over work—for three thousand dollars a year, sometimes for half of it.”

The writer gives as a further reason for this deplorable state of affairs the fact that America has been too busy to take account of how the youths of the land were being trained, and seems to feel that now, that the task of establishing the nation has been fairly accomplished, she will turn her attention to this subject and demand that the college be made “a training school for life, where Americans shall learn to do America’s work.”

While the statements contained in this article may be true about the professors of small, obscure colleges, we do not believe they are true of our larger colleges such as Harvard, Yale, and others.

M. S. TUCKER.

CHARLES F. BROWNE (“ARTEMUS WARD”).

In the February number of *Putnam’s Monthly* we find a loving, sympathetic tribute to Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward), written by a friend and fellow townsman of the great humorist.

Although “Artemus Ward” was born at Waterford, Oxford County, Maine (“Water—ford near Rum—ford” as he used to call it), his real life seems to have begun just where we first hear of him—on his early pilgrimage westward. He first went to Tiffin, Ohio, and set type for the only newspaper in town. He was paid four dollars a week “to set locals out of his head.” After a while he was put on the staff of the *Toledo Commercial* and was paid the large salary of a dollar a day. He went from there to Cleveland, and soon found fame and the beginning of good fortune

on the staff of the *Plaindealer*. Cleveland always seemed like home to him after that, and one can learn from the lips of many warm and willing witnesses with what peculiar pride and affection his name is cherished there.

As our writer tells us, "the show had taken possession of him from his early boyhood, and show men were always his admiration. 'Artemus Ward,' the showman he clothed with flesh and blood in his *Plaindealer* work, was a faithful development, and no accident." His newspaper work was only preparatory to entering upon a career that had been the dream of his life, and although he was discouraged by the managing editor of the *Plaindealer* he kept to his purpose.

He was confident of success and was sure that the public would receive him, because, as our writer says, "he had heard his sayings retailed in minstrel hall and elsewhere, and if they were good, if they were merchandise, why should he not come to his own?" Although it was the age of the platform there had never been a humorous lecturer in any broad senee. He intended to entertain educated audiences with pure frolic, and no doubt it seems to some an audacious and impossible undertaking.

"It was not, however, until his California trip that his full ideal was to be realized—a lecture that was a thread of narrative, or a series of pictures, or both, which he could use as the framework of his incomparable fun." His California trip was a thorough success; in Virginia City the miners took charge of his lecture, refusing to have tickets sold, but invited in the crowd and then a committee passed among the audience and collected, it has been said, nearly twelve hundred dollars, mostly in dust and nuggets. Every-

body wanted to see the tenderfoot, who, on being asked what he would take for forty nights in California, instantly replied, "Brandy and water." His wit was as quick as his kindness and humor were lovable.

The trip across the mountains was very trying on him, and brought on a serious illness upon his return, by way of Utah: but all turned out for the best, for while among the Mormons he got the subject for an illustrated lecture, a thing he had long desired. As soon as he got back to New York, he set about his "ideal plan," and soon had the "most unique entertainment ever offered to the public." A complimentary ticket read: "Admit the bearer and ONE wife."

In 1866 he left this country to make a tour of England. The Mormon lecture there was the same as in America. As our writer describes it, "there was a little 'picture shop' with a central curtain of green baise, the piano hidden from view, some pictures to be unrolled, a few of them good, but most of them bad; while the music was what the lecturer's whim might suggest. When, at the last moment, a spare figure in evening dress, holding in his delicate, handsome hand a little riding whip to point out the pictures, came on the stage, there was a momentary feeling of depression and disappointment." But this was relieved when "Artemus" in that quiet, quaint way began to talk. He would introduce incidents and apologize for doing it, saying they had nothing to do with the entertainment and thus keep the audience always alert, and eager to keep the thread of the narrative. He, himself, was the center of everything, the entire entertainment, you might say.

"In the midst of a really instructive talk on the Mormon question or a truly impressive description of the mountain scenery around Salt Lake, he would stop

as if a sudden feeling of distress had come over him which must be explained, and pointing to an absurd looking animal in the foreground of a picture he would tell the audience how he had always tried to keep faith with them, but mistakes must occur sometimes." "I have always spoken of this animal as a buffalo," he said, "and have always supposed he was a buffalo, but this morning my artist came to me and said, 'Mr. Ward, I can keep it from you no longer—that is a horse!'" The effect was simply indescribable.

But as our writer says, the curtain fell for the last time before his little "picture shop" on the night of January 23, 1867; the lecture of that evening being abruptly broken off by a sudden illness of the lecturer, the fitful flame of whose life had long been flickering. Never man had such friends; they took him to the Isle of Jersey in the hope that the sea breezes might benefit him, and did everything possible for him, but he died on his way back to London, March 6, 1867, only thirty-three years old. He was buried in Kensal Green, but afterwards his remains were taken to his old home, Waterford, Maine, and laid to rest beside his father and brother.

Thus ended the life and career of a young man, known to the world for less than ten years, who made for himself a world-wide fame by his wit and humor. His genius is undeniable, and devoted to the interpretation and illumination of the most lovable side of human nature. "He was a natural interpreter of the truest type of distinctively American humor, and yet it never tended to coarseness, even indirectly or remotely."

How deep was his hold upon the hearts of his English friends was shown in many ways, and "even

Swinburne deemed this new Western acquaintance worthy to be remembered in these touching words:

“ He came with a heart full of gladness,
From the glad-hearted land of the West;
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spoke and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the man in our heart lingered after,
When the merriment died in our ears,
And those who were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears ! ”

VIRGINIA L. NELSON.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

In the *Youth's Companion* of Feb. 7, there is a very interesting article on “American and English Women,” by Lady Henry Somerset. It is, of course, from the English point of view.

The American girl was revealed to the English public years ago in “Daisy Miller.” It was a new creature that they saw, this gay, charming, self-confident being who ruled all around her with a rod of iron. She shocked the conventionalities of the English women, but the men were delighted with her. She at once became “the rage,” not only in England but also in France, Spain, and Germany. She has not achieved her conquests by acquiring the habits of other nationalities but by preserving her own. “Her want of self-consciousness and her entire belief in herself give her the divine right by which she reigns.”

Lady Somerset attributes the difference between English and American women largely to their different ideas of woman's inferiority or superiority. The American girl is brought up to believe that she is superior to her brothers and that it is her right to be

first in her parents' consideration. On the other hand the English girl is handicapped by the idea that she is her brother's inferior, and that he must come first. She is taught that she should be grateful if she obtains as a favor what the American girl claims as a right.

Lady Somerset calls the modern American woman a human automobile. She says "prolonged rest is ruin to a motor-car; prolonged rest seems impossible to the American woman." The English mind is struck with the haste of American life. Every day is crowded to the utmost. This is true both of business and home life. Domestic duties are accomplished with haste. However she denies the accusation that American women are not the housekeepers that their English sisters are. This may be true she admits if we limit housekeeping to "the ordering of meals, the sorting of linen, or the cleaning of rooms." But if housekeeping, in addition to these things, means home making, then the American woman by her culture, by the wide reading, by the use of her mental powers, makes home life more attractive than "many meals and much spring-cleaning."

There is no ostentation about the American woman in regard to household work. If she is called upon to give her own services she does it with ease, while the English woman under similar circumstances suffers agonies.

The American woman is at far greater ease with men than the English woman. For in many instances she has often attended a coëducational school, and this gives her a sense of companionship which the English woman does not have.

However, the American woman has less romance. "If she is wooed and won, she yields as a favor and

often not because the love of the man is absolutely indispensable to her own happiness." The readiness with which American women will embrace a profession and become physicians, lawyers, or professors, proves that they do not consider marriage as the ultimate end of a successful existence. This fact has undoubtedly raised the American woman in the opinion of men.

The average American woman is better informed than the English. This Lady Somerset illustrates by the following: Two English women and a group of Americans were present at Stratford-upon-Avon on the anniversary of Shakespeare's death. The English women looked at his grave, made a few remarks on the floral tributes, and then turned away. The Americans remained to discuss from an international point of view what Shakespeare had done for the two nations.

"It is, however, to the American man that the American woman owes her educational advancement." He has recognized no difference between his son's talents and his daughter's. He has made it possible for her to go forth into the world and make her own career.

Although the English woman has not these advantages, yet she has some attributes which are often wanting in her American sister. Her sense of duty has given a ballast to the English national life. Her habitual reserve is not without merit.

The English do not like to speak of their inmost thoughts and it seems incredible to them that Americans can glibly discuss the most sacred feelings of the heart. The conversation of American women is often too "wearingly personal." On the other hand, the conversation of English women is common-place and uninteresting.

The English women have sweet-toned voices, but are nervous and self-conscious in society. The American woman's voice may be somewhat shrill, but her manners are self-possessed and unaffected.

The English woman is more thorough than the American, and what she does is not done so much for effect. The latter will start some project with a great deal of enthusiasm, but will probably tire of it before it is ever carried out. The English woman undertakes a thing with less show, but generally accomplishes her purpose.

Although the American women are more intimate companions of men than the English, yet they do not take that deep and intelligent interest in politics that the English do. "This indifference to politics holds to a certain extent in religion also. The American woman is volatile; she will change her creed easily. A new prophet or an eloquent heretic has in America an infinitely better opportunity to make converts than he could have in England."

There is a difference in the relations of American and English women to their children. The American woman has a more constant companionship with her children. Whatever the plan of the parents, the child shares it. However, this is due more to the American father than mother. While the child is a bore to the Englishman, he is a delight to the American. So it is the English father who needs reform rather than the English mother.

This difference is probably due to the fact that the American woman shares in the education of her sons, while the English woman does not. The great superiority of American education is the fact that the education of boys is not given over entirely into the hands of men. The American boy has the restraining and refining influence of the American woman.

MARJORIE S. THOMPSON

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

ON JANUARY the nineteenth we had an important election of officers. Mollie Mauzy was elected president, Mary Stephens vice president, Grace Beale recording secretary, Virginia Nelson corresponding secretary, and Sue Ruffin treasurer.

The World's Day of Prayer for students was observed by the Association the second Sunday in February.

Miss Rice was the leader, and conducted the service in a very earnest and impressive manner.

The Mission Study Class has been divided into three sections. The teachers are Misses Rice, Lancaster, and Hiner. The text book used is "The Christian's Conquest of India."

At our last meeting Dr. Forsythe, a medical missionary from Korea, gave an interesting as well as instructive talk about his work in that country. His account of the peculiar customs of these people was of special interest.

Some of the topics that have recently been discussed at the Y. W. C. A. meetings are, "The Struggle between British and Romish Christianity," and "Do I Need to Study My Bible Every Day?" The former was the subject of a talk given by Dr. Millidge, and the latter by Mr. Graham, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Alumnae Notes.

MISS MARTHA PAINTER ('96) is teaching in the Miller School.

Sarah Hogg ('01) has charge of the second grade in the Newport News graded school.

Emma Barnes ('01) teaches a country school near Newport News.

Zaidee Smith and Lucy Stearnes ('04) are teaching in Nelson County.

Frances Wolfe ('05) teaches at Keezletown, Va.

Grace Wilson ('05) has been ill with typhoid fever, but we are glad to learn that she is now well enough to resume her duties in the Rivermont School, Lynchburg.

Mary McChesney ('04) was married in November to Mr. James Shackleton, of Meherrin, Va.

Lelia Jackson ('06) is spending the winter at her home near Farmville, Va.

Francis Munden ('06) is teaching at her home, Cape Charles, Va.

Louise Adams, Margaret Farish, and Fennel Crawley have returned to their school at Atlee, after two weeks' vacation on account of smallpox.

Although only a few weeks have elapsed since commencement, yet a number of our girls have already secured positions and are now teaching.

Mary Schofield is teaching the higher grades at Barton Heights.

Leonora Ryland and Eleanor Wiatt are teaching in the public schools of Bristol.

Pauline Reynolds is teaching in the Covington graded school.

Lois Gillespie has charge of a country school near Farmville, Va.

Theodosia DeBaun is teaching the second grade in the Portsmouth graded school.

Virgie Stubblefield and Page Pierce remained at school to take special work in the primary grades.

Myrtle Haupt has a position in the high school at Chester, Va.

Juliette Hundley is now in Asheville, N. C., where she is enjoying a few weeks' rest after her term's work.

School of Experience.

ZOÖLOGY AND BOY-LOGY.

ONE morning as I stood at the door of my classroom watching my boys file in with military air, I was impressed anew with their interesting countenances. At the incredible speed of a mental process, I thought volumes of biographies of these men-to be, who should mould the destiny of our nation and thereby win the confidence and commendation of their fellow beings.

Suddenly this stream of consciousness was turned into a new channel, as Jim thrust almost in my face a skinned rabbit, (for which his coat had served as a hiding-place from the scrutiny of his sharp-eyed monitors), meanwhile asking: "Miss S—, may I take my rabbit to the kitchen to be cooked?" Grasping him gently by the shoulders I wheeled him round suddenly, saying: "Yes, Jim, at once!" The instantaneousness of the situation fortunately prevented many of the children from seeing it.

Assuming a dignified air of composure, I then entered the room and conducted the opening exercises. Immediately I began reviewing with the children a talk which I had given them on the government of England. One of the questions was: "Who ruled over England before King Edward came to the throne?" All were silent, but every face indicated that each child was endeavoring to recall the fact which had eluded its memory. Suddenly Elinor raised her hand, and with triumph exclaimed: "The Queen of Sheba!"

Discouraged by a few more remarks of equal brilliancy, I assigned the children a reading lesson, which they were soon eagerly preparing. I took advantage of this opportunity to post some work on the board, meanwhile assisting in the pronunciation of difficult words. As I paused for a moment, and looked with admiration on this group of diligent, earnest, aye, even ideal students, Riley's hand waved above his head. I passed quietly to where he sat, and looked down on his book to give him the desired information, when a tiny snake, which had been resuscitated by the warmth of that small boy's pocket, crawled across the page.

In a few moments the stillness was again broken by the scream of a little girl who had jumped up on her desk. Startled by her cry, I turned suddenly to find the entire grade in a perfect uproar, and a colony of field-mice scampering about the floor. George was convulsed with laughter at the success of his achievement, for his resourceful pockets had clandestinely piloted into the room these innocent intruders.

No, no, I wasn't exasperated over the morning's happenings, for believing with Kipling that "there's never any telling what a monkey or a small boy will do," I accepted the series of ludicrous situations in perfect good faith. S.

EXPERIENCES IN A COAL CAMP.

Leaving the bright scene of a banquet given my class, I boarded the midnight train for my school in a Southwestern Virginia coal camp. When I roused up near Bluefield it was to look out on scenes the bleakest possible. My frozen bouquet of carnations, tied with a now black and spotted ribbon, looked just as forlorn as I felt. I don't think I was ever colder or more

homesick in my life than I was that half hour spent in the Bluefield station.

At last my train was called out, and I was helped into a car that hadn't even seen a fire that winter, and that was crowded with drummers. I felt rather uncomfortable at being the only lady on the car, but several stations lower a mountain bride and groom came in. The bride had forgotten in changing to her traveling costume to remove a beautiful, sooty, white fascinator which must have been her bridal veil. According to my observation the behavior of this couple was only different from that of others in that they were anxious for everyone to know of their happiness instead of trying to conceal it. The brakeman—probably a soured old bachelor—objected so seriously to their show of affection that the groom reluctantly removed his arm from about the bride's waist, and refrained from kissing her except when going through tunnels. There were a number of tunnels.

I was met at my destination by "the company's sto' manager" who escorted me to the carriage. Such luxury—a carriage, a beautiful pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds, and "Sam," the grinning colored driver.

In a few minutes Sam and I were flying over the snow covered valley, deep in friendly conversation. Sam had been raised near Farmville and immediately took me into his confidence. He pointed out all the interesting sights of the town through which we were passing, such as the churches, a new hotel, and the ruins of one recently burnt, the bank, and the new sidewalk.

"Missy, ef you don't min' we'll go over de mount'in stid o' 'round. Hit's so col', and dat way is

de: furest." I was ashamed to show any fear, when Sam seemed so sure of this safety plan, and consented. Up, up, straight up it seemed to me! What would happen if one of the horses were to slip!

I breathed a deep breath of relief at the top, and it was well for me that it was a deep one for I had to hold it until we reached the bottom. Those horses just sat down on their hind feet and slid down, around curves, and around curves, faster and faster. Even mountainbred as I am, it was a thrilling experience.

As we came into the camp, Sam continued his role of guide. "Dar de tippie, and de fifty ovens for Wise." ("What on earth was a tippie?")

"Spec you'll habe some ob dese Hunk chiluns to teach." What strange people were Hunks? "Here de comp'ny's sto' house, dar de comp'ny's commissary, dis de comp'ny's railroad we crossin', dere de comp'ny's hotel, dere de comp'ny's new chu'ch, dere de comp'ny's bakery nex' de commissary, and dar de comp'ny's doctor's office." Everything belonged to the company, and I must be "the comp'ny's schoolma'am." This fact *was* impressed on my mind by a large sign in front of the "comp'ny's commissary"—"The company's teacher will start the school on February 1."

On the next day we did make a start. Between forty and fifty children assembled, varying in color according to age from coal black to smutty white. The variety of grades in their school work was more appalling. Some "knowed the A B C's," and could "count to a hundred," some "had went to school two year," but could not boast that much knowledge, while a few were "readin' in the Fifth Reader."

A schedule, even in the Normal School, is not an easy thing to make out, so you can imagine the diffi-

culties that confronted me. Over two weeks were spent in searching out a schedule that would work at all. After two days of faithful teaching all the children six hours a day, I arranged to have the little ones leave at twelve and I wrestled with the "Fifth Reader" in the afternoon. I wouldn't have cared to have any of my former supervisors step in to observe during the morning session. Such a buzzing of tongues, such a rattling of slates, such squeaking of pencils—a deafening roar.

My roll was the most puzzling problem of all. Few of the children could write their names, fewer still had any idea of the correct spelling, and it was almost impossible for me in broken English. A slip of paper sent home sometimes cleared up the spelling. For instance I learned that "Andy Vochee" was "Andy Voder," that "John Bacher" was "John Bacha," and that "Mary Stero" was "Mary Stewart." Often during a recitation the little Hunks, as the Hungarians are called, would get so excited trying to tell what they knew that I would have to call on the older children to interpret.

In March, the Hungarian fraternity gave a dance in my schoolroom. It began Saturday morning and ended Sunday night between eleven and twelve. The fraternity, in their queer military caps, formed a procession and marched up to the schoolhouse led by the band. The caps were too ornamental to be removed in the house, so they were kept on the whole time. I don't know whether long black cigars were considered the correct thing, but they were firmly fixed in each man's mouth, showing life in clouds of strong smoke. Each man wore a great long red ribbon pinned with a big badge, and above that a large bunch of artificial flowers.

As each visitor came in an unusually large Hungarian "frau" would pin on as a souvenir a bow of blue ribbon. A long table had been placed across one end of the room arranged as a bar. Several barrels of beer and numerous cases of bottled drinks were arranged behind it.

Their manner of dancing was very odd. Men, women, and children joined in the motions. There weren't enough partners for the men, and often two men would be dancing together. Andy Voder, with the dignity of five years, was dancing alone holding up his only stocking with one hand and clinging to a beer bottle with the other. During an intermission for beer, I saw him generously treat his small sister of three years to a long pull at the same bottle.

As the music began every man took a partner, and holding her tightly turned round and round in the same spot. This whirling was kept up until one would think they were certainly too dizzy to stand, then with a loud stamp of the foot they would reverse the whirl. When the musicians became thirsty the dancing and music stopped. The ladies fell over on the benches, mopping and panting, while their ungallant partners made a rush for the bar and the beer.

Visitors were generously treated to beer. Several times we were urged with brimming mugs, and since we didn't accept them they brought us two bottles apiece—thinking we preferred to drink it as Andy did.

Monday morning when the school-room door was opened only the "Hunk" children who were able to stand any quantity of beer in any form could enter. The floor had been literally scoured with beer, the desks were liberally bespattered with beer and cigar ashes, the water buckets were partly filled with dregs, and the board hadn't been forgotten. Bless their

generous hearts ! The erasers were gone and Andy said his cousin was using them to black his shoes—or beer his shoes, Andy must have meant.

A class in house cleaning was established that morning for a period of two hours. No educator could have complained for the lack of practical illustration, either.

THE PROSPECTOR.

What Fools These Mortals Be.

KATE COX.—No, I am afraid to go in the infirmary, they might have chicken cough or whooping pox in there.

First Rat.—There is something the matter with my radiator.

Second Rat.—You had better see Dr. Peter.

M-r-g-r-t D-v-s.—She was so mad she just kicked.

Four-year-old brother.—Well, sister, who was her sweetheart?

TWENTIETH CENTURY HYGIENE.

Teacher.—What are the divisions of the brain?

Pupil.—The cerubim, the cherubim, and the oblongato.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these, "It's hash again."

Huge joke.—Lucy Warburton and Elizabeth Edwards went walking together last Monday afternoon.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYME.

I saw a Little Sparrow come hop, hop, hop,
And I cried, "Little Sparrow, won't you stop, stop,
stop?"

And the Little Sparrow answered, "Will you tell me
why?"

And the student said, "I want you for Biologii."

VERGIL.

Miss Rice.—Translate that *pone* as if it were *post*.

N-l-l-e B-t-w-r-g-h-t.—“The wife follows as a post.”

Country Lass, shrieking through the neighbor's telephone.—Doctor, come at oncet. Poppy is turrible bad off—ken neither lay nor set.

A NECESSITY.

The first frat girl rises to go and the second exclaims, “Oh, don't rush.” “Yes,” is the reply, “I must be ‘rushing.’”

Sue Ruffin, reading Lowell.—Why do people always call roosters chandeliers?

Mr. B-d-g-d.—How did the leather industry start in New England?

M-r-g-r-t B-r-w-n.—The people tanned their own hides and made shoes out of them.

A Normal School graduate's daily program:

T—rot to school.

E—dify the ignorant.

A—verage grades.

C—hastise children.

H—urry home.

New girl on the night of the chlorophormers.—It all must be so for they have the Farmville infancy all around school. (She knew what she was talking about.)

Dr. Millidge, reads from the Bible.—“And the women knead the dough.”

Senior B.—Amen.

Some girls are born for E grades,
And some are born for G,
And some have work recorded
In an awful looking P.

Teacher.—What are yow drawing, Tommy?

Tommy.—A locomotive.

Teacher.—Why not draw the cars too?

Tommy.—'Cause the locomotive draws the cars.

—*Ex.*

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first when the joke is the teacher's,
The last when it is your own.—*Ex.*

How's you gettin' on wid yoah 'rithmetic, son?
I's done learned to add up de oughts but de
figgers still bodder me.—*Ex.*

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Snore and you sleep alone.—*Ex.*

CHANGES OF TIME.

One hundred years ago today
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got the deer.
But now the thing is somewhat changed
And on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets the man.—*Ex.*

Locals.

BASKETBALL is at its height now, and the teams are trying for championship and representation in the Annual. Match games are played every week and the excitement is almost as great as it was last year.

We are glad to welcome Miss Watkins, our new faculty member in the science department.

Mr. Jarman has moved into his new office on the Main hall.

Dr. Sears, of Missouri, gave a delightful talk to the girls in chapel on Washington's birthday.

A special effort is being put forth to have a fine Annual this year. There is to be a contest for the best story, and also for the best poem. The successful competitors will each have a full length picture in the Annual.

The Emory and Henry Glee Club gave a concert in the auditorium Friday night. Many of the songs were of their own composition and were as bright and original as could be. Every one enjoyed the entertainment, and we hope they can come again.

Miss Cox delightfully entertained the Glee Club and the Hostesses of the Tables, in the school parlors, Saturday afternoon.

The people of Farmville are raising money for a town library. An excellent entertainment for the

benefit of this library was given on March 4, in the auditorium, by four ladies from the Conservatory at Ithica.

The Senior B class has been organized and the officers have been elected. They are, Flora Thompson, president; Beryl Morris, vice-president; Lou Semones, secretary; and Gertrude Davidson, treasurer. Mr. Jarman is their honorary member.

The following is a list of the editors of the *Virginian*: Elizabeth Edwards, editor-in-chief; Mae Marshall, assistant editor-in chief; Florence Barr, literary editor; Clara Smith, assistant literary editor; Carrie Mason, business manager; Anne Richardson, assistant business manager; Frank Jones, joke editor; Carrie Kyle, art editor; Janet Duvall, club editor; Gertrude Davidson, picture editor, Jessie Nidermaier and Helen Jordan, associate editors.

Dr. Millidge gave two very interesting lectures in the auditorium last week. The first was a trip around the world, and the other, a talk on the American Revolution.

We are glad to see Mrs. Brooks with us again. She has been ill since Christmas, and although she is not entirely well yet she has taken up her duties again.

Dr. Coffey, of William and Mary College, lectured to the Literary Societies on Friday, March 1. The lecture was an intensely interesting one, and simply packed with wit, humor, and common sense.

News has come to us of the marriage of our old school-mate, Ella Dillard, to Mr. Crow, of Farmville.

Linda Coleman spent a few days at home at a family reunion.

Mrs. J. F. Gentry, of Petersburg, spent several weeks in Farmville visiting her daughter, Blanche. Mrs. Gentry has been here twice before and is a universal favorite among the school girls.

Gordon Baskerville, who has been ill for some time with scarlet fever, is back at school again.

Open Column.

AN APPRECIATION.

FARMVILLE'S patent sidewalks are built by a new system of engineering, and are much spoken of.

The new model walks down High Street are noticed by all pedestrians. This beautiful street is steep, and bisected by a rough, muddy road much higher than the neat crossing. Here one sees the most perfect feature of the new system, Farmville's exclusive patent drainless drainage. There are no culverts, no ugly drains, no unsightly gutters. To observe it in perfect operation one should walk down High Street on a wet day, and hear the admiration expressed by the passers by. The Farmville people know a good thing when they see it.

NO CHANCE FOR CLASS SPIRIT.

Why is it that we do not have class organizations in the early fall? I can think of no excuse except that the girls may not know each other well enough to choose officers. To overcome this difficulty, the teachers can suggest girls who are competent to fill offices. They know our abilities or inabilities if we do not.

In February a notice is read in chapel, "All First B's are requested to meet in Room A at the short recess today." The First B's, who are all new girls, open their mouths in wonder, and one asks, "Why under the sun do they want all of us in one room at the same time? There won't be breathing

space." A Second B turns in her seat and sagely remarks, "It is to elect officers." "What do we want with officers at this late date? We have gotten along without any for more than five months."

They meet. Five girls are nominated for president. One is Susie Barclay, and our friend of the morning says, "I never heard of her; I suppose she is in another section. Whom are you going to vote for? Well, I'll vote for Susie, too." Susie is elected, and Estelle has the pleasure of knowing that she is a very small girl with light, curly hair,

Shouldn't we know a girl slightly, at least, before we stroll with her to Mr. Hunt's to have our pictures taken? How can we have class spirit when we are never thrown with our classmates outside of class till near the end of the session? In classes we cannot be thinking of the interesting looking girls around us, for we have to think of the lesson. We only meet to elect officers and choose our motto, colors, and flower. Half of the girls never go to these class meetings. Many Third B's feel as much interest in the Fourth B class as in their own.

If we have class organization the first part of the year, and social, as well as business, meetings often during the terms, there will be class spirit. Every girl will love her own class. May we not have them?

"P."

THE COW BELL.

Whoever heard of a school where the only big bell was stuck down on a dry goods box between two buildings so that about only one-third of the girls in the dormitory can hear it. I think the girls in this wing (Spook Alley) hear that bell, on an average

four or five times a week, and it rings seven times a day.

We are required to come on the grounds at half-past five but how do we know when to come in?

If we examine the list of absences from chapel we will find that a great many say, "Didn't hear the bell."

Throw away that old cow bell. It is a disgrace to the State Normal School. Give us a good big bell with a clear rich tone and put it on the house-top so that it can be heard all over Prince Edward county.

"*S."

Exchanges.

“ A chile’s among us takin’ notes, an’ faith he’ll prent ’em.”

Of all sad fates
The worst—to date—
(I thought), was to criticize,
But soon the dawn
Of a drearier morn
Brought me to realize—

That though with fear
And forebodings drear
Is fraught the word “*review*,”
’Tis three times sadder
And four times badder
When one has nothing to.

We had begun to fear that there would be no need of our exchange department this month, only two magazines, up to a late date, having been received. But, after long delay, some have at last arrived, and we feel amply repaid for the waiting.

The *Messenger* is one of the most attractive-looking magazines that we have seen, being filled from cover to cover with excellent illustrations. It fairly ripples with fun and laughter, and merry little rhymes. And yet, we should enjoy the merriment more, perhaps, were there a little evidence, now and then, of serious thought.

In the *The High School Student* solid thought and light fancy are most happily combined. There is only one poem, however, in the entire magazine.

The *Emory and Henry Era* brings to us a wealth of good things. There is much good prose, written in a clear and forceful style, but especially is it rich in verse. Among the poems are several of great merit. One of these, entitled "Sympathy," is a truly beautiful delineation of what a friend should be. It contains one especially musical stanza, the melody of which is a fitting dress for the thought.

"There is a kind of unity,
A sweet and close affinity,
That binds two souls in one;
And when one speaks
The other knows
What tide of feeling
Soulward flows,
The mind is borne upon."

The poem, "For Peace of Mind" breathes forth a message of hope and encouragement that, in its simple language, goes straight to the heart. Still another, though written in a lighter vein, nevertheless offers the best of advice, namely, to "Smile!" whatever befalls, whether, perchance, the weather doesn't suit us, or our lovers forsake us (which is of nearly equal importance).

Among the best of all the magazines received is the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. Excellent and varied is the material which it contains,—comprehensive treatment of the lives of famous men; bright little sketches of childhood's days; witty, spirited fiction, and, occasionally, some verse. There is too little of

the last, however, nor is it of a quality to correspond with the rest of the contents.

It is hard to comprehend how "Marjorie Fleming" and "A 'Good-Night' Scene"—which savors of sentimentality rather than sentiment—can be inclosed between the same covers.

In "A Vow" we have a weird, highly imaginative piece of fiction, that recalls to mind the stories of Poe. Yet, as we read it, we have no doubt as to its reality. We are made to feel with the narrator, and fully realize the horror of it all, for the element of truth in it relieves it of any approach to madness. Herein lies the art of the story, that one is forced to mistake madness for sanity.

"Marjorie Fleming" shows a sympathetic, loving insight into this complex, lovable character. We feel sure that Dr. John Brown himself would have read with delight this account of her, in which one could not wish for a word the more, nor a phrase the less.

We have received the following exchanges:
The Monthly Chronicle, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Hollins Quarterly*.





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